



The Gateway



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Edmonton, Alberta, Thursday, January 29, 1920

THE CRYSTAL GAZER—III.

Great was my surprise, late on Saturday night, to receive a telephone message from the Crystal Gazer, asking me to come over and see him at once. I hurried over and, to my amazement, found the old gentleman stamping about his study in a towering rage. I attempted a 'polite 'good evening,' but before the words were out of my mouth he was at me.

"A nice state of affairs you have got into, I must say! Things have been threatening for some time, but this is really the finishing touch. I have been living here for ten years, but never, no never, have I been so disgusted as I am tonight. What has happened to you all over there? Are you still alive, or has the faint spark of life which has animated you up to the present vanished once and for all?"

I begged for an explanation, but it was several minutes before he could calm himself to talk coherently. Finally, however, he sat down and began.

"Well," said he, "after dinner tonight, I was sitting here before the fire sipping my coffee, and, as I had nothing better to do, I got my crystal and tried to find out what was going on at the University. Almost at once a clear-cut vision of Convocation Hall emerged before me. I heard soft strains of music. A dance was evidently in progress and I was delighted to think that such pleasant entertainment was being provided for all the lonely students from out of town. But, on looking more closely, you may imagine my horror and amazement when I discovered that there were no men present. All were girls—half, indeed, dressed as men—wearing old-fashioned costumes. My scanty knowledge of history told me that the dresses represented various ages in the world's history from the time of King Herod to the levées of Queen Victoria. The majority appeared to be XVIIIth century in character. This, in itself, would not have been serious had the dances been such as were in vogue during those sedate periods, but I am sorry to say that they were indulging in the new, modern dances which, to my mind, can only be rendered tolerable by the presence and partnership of men. I wish the days of the minuet, polonaise and mazurka would come back again—but perhaps I am getting old-fashioned. In any case, young men and young women should not be separated like that."

I pointed out that the Colonial Ball, to which he had evidently referred, was a Wauneita affair, and that, as such, it must have had the consent and sanction of the girls themselves. My old friend had evidently been planning a tirade against an oppressive Faculty in inflicting this dance as a form of torture upon the unfortunate Pembinites.

"In that case," he said, "I must try to be as charitable as possible for, old as I am, I still have a soft spot in my heart for the unsophisticated Freshette and her older classmates. Many of them come and unburden their souls to me, and I know and sympathize with them in their little troubles. My heart is big enough for them all."

"At the same time," he went on, "I consider it a distressing sign of the times that normal young women should prefer to consort only with their own sex. I have always been a bitter opponent of women's suffrage, for I foresaw this state of affairs long ago. They have achieved political independence and equality, and now, with the spirit of the new age straining for expression, they are trying to shut themselves off from the society of men. Another glance into the crystal show-

ed me what all this will lead to. I saw the women of a few generations hence. They have apparently adopted a few ideas from the Turks. Pembina Hall is closed to all. No man is allowed within three hundred yards. The girls come to lectures, veiled to the eyes. They have adopted baggy pantaloons instead of dresses. Their head-dresses are all similar. In class their numbers are called instead of their names. There is no social intercourse. All University functions have been cast into the limbo of the past. The identity of the lady students is known only to the Registrar and the President of the Wauneita Society who guard the secret as they would their lives. When the lady students go out shopping or elsewhere, they move in strongly-armed bands of twenty. Over in the hospital lies an unfortunate Freshman who dared to look sideways at a procession of Freshettes going to a morning lecture. They fell upon him and, beating him into insensibility, left him for dead in front of the Engineering Building. Such has been the dire effects of the Colonial Ball."

Hardly pausing for breath, he went on: "Serious as this is for the girls themselves, the other side of the picture is even more terrible in significance. With the dance music still ringing in my ears, the scene in the crystal faded. I saw a series of pathetic tableaux. I saw a cluster of disconsolate young men standing at the door of the ball room, gazing wistfully within. I saw various rooms in Athabasca and Assiniboia Halls, aye, and even over on the North Side, where a woe-begone figure sat, solitary and alone before the picture of his lady-love. He, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, was yearning for her society, while the inconstant beauty was circling the ball-room in the arms of one of her girl chums."

"If I could only warn the girls in time! I have seen too much of the future. My gift has indeed become a curse. The girls must not think that the young men will forever sit bemoaning their lot. Only too soon will they forget the sweet bonds which held them. Forsaking their studies, to the utter ruin of their careers, they will strike out for strange lands where the distasteful results of advanced thought have not yet made their appearance. But the pebble cast into the smooth pond of thought will make ever-widening ripples. Ever retreating before this tide of perverted ideas, this gallant band of martyrs will be condemned, like the Wandering Jew, to ceaseless voyagings to and fro over the earth's surface, ever seeking newer and more agreeable climes. Until, at last, when these ideas have permeated our whole social fabric, they will be driven from the narrow path of rectitude and honesty into the highroad of dishonesty and crime. I hope against hope that these girls may realize the evil effects of their innocently initiated stag parties, and nip this pernicious custom in the bud."

Feeling that words at this juncture were vain, I left him.

CIVIL ENGINEERING CLUB

The Civil Engineering Club enjoyed an excellent paper by Mr. A. E. Cameron on "The Manufacture of Pig Iron." The speaker dealt with the smelting of iron ore and the manufacture of iron and steel, illustrating the different processes with lantern slides. The lecture was of a non-technical nature and very interesting.

The club plans to have talks on general engineering subjects about twice a month, to which anyone interested is cordially invited. Watch the Bulletin Board for further announcements.

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LES AMIES

L'Université d'Alberta a aussi accepté un prix de français fondé par la Société du Parler français et un autre fondé par le Comité permanent du Congrès de la Langue française.

Voilà de l'action française. Espérons, avec M. Kerr, que par ces procédés, — réciproques — les deux races finiront par se mieux comprendre. L'Université d'Alberta a pris pour devise ces belles paroles de saint Paul aux Philippiens : *Quæ cumque vera*; elle a donc le culte de la vérité; elle contribuera, par sa haute autorité, à dissiper dans l'Ouest les préjugés amoncelés contre les Canadiens français: tout préjugé est une chaîne et un esclavage dont la vérité seule peut — Le Canada Français (Laval).

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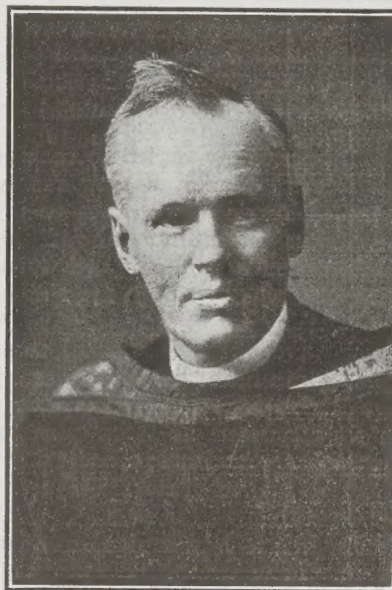
Each Sunday marks the discussion of some vital, economic, social, or religious problem in a frank and disinterested way.

ROBERTSON COLLEGE

Presentation to Principal Millar

On the evening of Friday, the 23rd inst., a re-union banquet was held in the Corona Hotel, and a presentation was made to Dr. J. M. Millar, who has been connected with the college for the past nine years, at first as a professor, and now principal of the institution.

After the guests had done justice to the good things provided, Mr. R. H. Lyttle, President of the Students' Council, and chairman for the evening, introduced the toast list, and proposed a toast to “The King,” which was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem.



Mr. Davies, in a characteristically humorous speech, proposed the toast to “The Ladies,” which was received with much enthusiasm and applause.

The toast to “Our Alma Mater” was given by Mr. J. Edgar, who referred to the growth and progress of the College from its inception. No more striking testimony to this progress could be given than the large company which had assembled there that evening to do honour to Principal Millar. The college had done its part in making history, as it had

contributed a large number of its students to the country's service in the great war.

Prof. Barnard, in reply, spoke of the good fortune of the College in having as its principal, Dr. Millar, who had been with it from the beginning, and whose heart and soul were in the welfare of all the students, both those present, and those who had graduated from its halls. The College, in common with other educational institutions, had been almost depleted of students for the past four years, but the hope of the future was never brighter than at present.

Mr. R. H. Lyttle then proposed a silent toast to “Our Gallant Dead,” now numbered among those who at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardness, faced danger, and finally passed for ever out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom.

The chairman referred to the occasion which had brought them together that evening, and said it was peculiarly fitting that the presentation should be made at that time, as it was the 25th anniversary of Dr. Millar's entrance into the active work of the ministry.

Mr. E. J. Rainey, in making the presentation on behalf of the students there present, and those who were now graduates, spoke of the high esteem in which the Principal was held. Words were quite inadequate to express the appreciation felt for his untiring efforts. He asked Dr. Millar to accept an arm-chair and statuette reading-lamp as a small token of their high regard and esteem.

Mrs. Lyttle then presented a silver vase and flowers to Mrs. Millar, and a toast was proposed to Dr. Millar, Mrs. Millar and Miss Millar.

Principal Millar, who was completely taken by surprise, acknowledged the presentation, and expressed his gratification that his efforts were appreciated by the students and graduates of the college. On his own behalf and that of Mrs. and Miss Millar, he thanked them all for the kindly feelings expressed, and assured them that it was a great pleasure to know that he had their support and sympathy. In a reminiscent mood he spoke of many uncertainties incidental to Christian ministry which was still the greatest work a man could do. Although the world was now in a state of unrest, he looked forward to the future with the highest hopes.

After the presentation, a short musical programme was rendered by a few of the students, and a memorable evening was brought to a close by the singing of “Auld Lang Syne.”

ALBERTA COLLEGE

On Sunday morning last we had the pleasure at our Fellowship Service, of listening to a very fine address on the Des Moines Conference by Miss McLennan and Miss Swanson. Both ladies spoke of the great need of noble women who were prepared to help the down-trodden women of heathen lands, particularly in China and India, by the influence of Christian living and teaching.

Mr. Joe Kirk, our own delegate, brought the spirit of the convention to us in his address on Saturday morning, giving us some inspiring quotations from the speakers.

The girls have handed us a wonderful "pome." It is entitled "Great Britain." We confess we have not the courage to publish it, because it contains the name of our Senior Stick, who is an athlete, and we are not.

We think the Agricultural gentleman who held up a vesper Service to decoy a fair damsel uptown, seems to have no respect for the eternal verities. His desperate efforts were at last rewarded.

The score for the basketball game between the A. C. girls and a Varsity team on the 20th, was 34-14 in favor of A. C. Who says that old A. C., she ain't got no pep?

E. J., whom we have not mentioned previously, was entertained in a certain drawing room uptown, with the result that some of his molars are missing. Our students are making a rush to this dentist. Why? Oh la! la!

We were unconscious of the fact that Tom. H. was interested in music until we were informed that he was fond of pulling out all the stops.

Bishop Newton, of Stony Plain, was unable to visit his diocese on Sunday last. His Lordship feared that the inclement weather would endanger the health of his beloved parishioners, should they leave their homes for the church.

The manager of the hockey team reports a good game, in which A. C. lost to the Aggies, who, he says, are good sports. There is a lack of enthusiasm, though, in the team, quite in contrast with the interest shown at the beginning of the season. The team is doing good work, though, as shown by Monday's game.

The gentleman in the room above us is the proud possessor of a grand piano. We have never seen the instrument, nor listened to its dulcet tones, but the owner dismantles it, stands it on edge against the wall, and reassembles it every evening, for exercise, when we retire and long for rest.

A professor in residence received a flask in the mail, bearing the characteristic odor (only) of a tabooed commodity. The sender evidently has no respect for the cloth.

On Friday, the 16th, the Matriculation class was organized for the year. The following officers were elected: Prof. Jackson, honorary-president; Don. Taylor, president; J. Kerr, vice-president; L. S. Brasnett, secretary-treasurer.

We are glad to see that Mr. Percy Boynton is back after his serious illness, and catching up in his work. Mr. Frank Hustler, A. C.'s senior student, has been taken sick. We hope he will soon recover.

Prospecting for information, we gleaned the following items of gossip: That a young lady who has been indisposed is back with us again and travelling "in high;" that Mount and Habood have changed rooms, presumably that a terrible disease called G...itis is still raging among some Guys; that there have been many fatalities, (may the rest of us be delivered); that F. T. is taking some course of treatment at the S. C. R. headquarters; that calls from 31712 to Jim Kerr are becoming less frequent; and that Tom M. has been offered a position to run the feathered portion of a business uptown.

AIN'T ANGIE AWFUL?

The co-eds of the University of Cincinnati have a man-hater's club. Two girls were recently requested to resign on the ground that they had not lived up to the ideals of the organization. After the business of the club had been transacted, an interesting paper on "Why We Hate Men Until We Have a Date" was read by one of the members.—

Columbia Spectator.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY COMPETITIONS

The attention of students of the University is directed to the notice on the Bulletin Board, announcing two competitions which the Dramatic Society is holding for the first time. A prize of fifteen dollars will be given for an essay on any subject pertaining to Drama or the Theatre. Essays must be handed to the secretary of the society on or before March 31st. A prize of twenty dollars is also being offered for a play, of any length, written by a student, and submitted on or before October 31st. This prize will be given only if the best play be of sufficient merit to justify the award.

Further particulars are to be found on the Bulletin Board, or may be had from members of the executive.

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CONVERSAZIONE

Arrangements are now under way for the Annual Conversazione, which is to be held on Friday, February 13th. Various committees have been appointed who are working at top pressure to make this the best ever. Each student may invite three guests and the charge has been fixed at \$1.50 per couple. Slips are on hand at the Book Store, which must be completed, giving names and addresses of guests, together with the student's own name, at the earliest possible convenience. A record of the guests invited will be available at any time in the General Office. All students are urged to make immediate application in order to avoid undue confusion at the last moment. Look out for further announcements on the bulletin board and in our next issue.

LUCKY

The other day
I
Was feeling happy,
So I went
To
A lecture in Math.
And the Prof.
Talked me to sleep.
But
I
Heard him say
Something like this
"Multiply ninety-nine by
Twenty-six, add two hundred
And eleven, divide by four
And subtract three, get the
Square root and add eighty-
Eight, divide by eleven and
Subtract nine, multiply the
Result by three."
Then he
Yelled at me
For the
Answer
I said, "Geel!"
He
Thought I said
"Three,"
And told me
To go
To the head of the class.
—The Ubysey.

TO YE APPLE

One little apple, hanging on a tree
Eve said to Adam, "Have a bite with me?" :

"Sure," said the serpent with a baleful glance,
"Don't be a 'fraid cat, better take a chance."

Adam ate the apple, fresh off the limb,
Fond and foolish Adam; that finished him.

More little apples hanging on a bough
Little Willie ate some; so did the cow.

Both soon discovered something wasn't right,
The vet and the doctor labored all that night.

Vet hurried homeward, at the peep of dawn.
Willie had a narrow squeak, but the cow passed on.

More little apples, dear old Uncle Si
Boiled in the biler when the state went dry.

Fed some to the Deacon; nice old man but frail;
Now the Deacon's doing twenty days in jail.

Baldwin, Russett Bellflower, Gravenstein or Pip,
Apples, oh, my brother, have an awful zip!—Ex.

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SOPHOMORE COURT

The first sitting of the Sophomore Court occurred Saturday last, to investigate the origin of the obnoxious odor introduced into the room of one of the students recently.

All sympathy was with the accused from the very beginning of proceedings, when the counsel for the prosecution petitioned the Court that the accused be denied counsel to defend him, and later on, asking the chief witness for the prosecution be granted immunity from cross-examination.

Needless to say, their honors, Judges Kemp and Langford refused absolutely to sustain this bold attempt to "rail-road" the prisoners. Thereafter the investigation was conducted in a manner more worthy of the name of Court.

Considerable merriment occurred at various points in the testimony and cross-examination of the witnesses. The prosecution tried to make out a case of malicious spite and gross ingratitude on the part of one of the prisoners who "had been taken to the bosom" of the outraged party and "cherished" there. Several lively tilts took place between witnesses and the prosecution, to the great amusement of the onlookers. The counsel evidently enjoyed it also, for pains were taken to enhance it as much as possible. It reacted on the prosecution, for in their zeal at probing the comic aspect of the question they neglected to cross-examine on some very vital points of the case.

In summing up, counsel for the defence, handling the subject in a masterly manner, pointed out that the prosecution had produced but the scantiest of circumstantial evidence, and asked for an acquittal for both prisoners.

Their honors, after briefly considering the facts brought in a verdict of not guilty. Their very evident desire to see justice and fairplay won the respect of all present. The decision was received by cheers and hand clapping in the court room.

A FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY

Since I have been a freshman,
I've looked around a bit
At other folks who live here,
And there's some who think they're "IT."
Since looking at the animals
I feel it's almost best,
To say it isn't feeders here,
Who've cornered all the chest.

Take the jaundiced languid sophomore,
With sad lack-lustre eyes,
Who gaze at bubbling freshmen
In mute and mild surprise.
I'd like to answer verbally
Responding to the dud,
And ask the gilded highbrow
To go and chew his cud.

While sitting in a street car
A man referred to me,
As an Agricultural freshman
And to truth I must agree;
But when he added softly,
In a mellow voice and low,
'He'll loose some awkwardness in sooth,
When he's here for a year or so."

Old son, I quite believe it,
For we can plainly see,
If example's inspiration,
I hardly know how we
Could qualify as artists
In the fairy pink tea line,
If the sophomores are products,
Who, as illustrations, shine.

—The Managra.

Freshy (who is starting mechanical drawing).—Have you any French curves?

The Lady Behind the Counter—Nope; mine are all American.
The Californian.

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EDITORIALS

We hear many complaints these days about the lack of Esprit de corps in our University, and we consider the article "It's Your Move," very timely, and trust after reading this we will immediately investigate and find out what is the matter with our student life.

We boast the largest enrolment in our history and it is quite freely admitted by all our visitors that we never had a better type of students. The latent powers within our student body are inestimable. We have with us men who have distinguished themselves on far greater fields than our campus, and of whom their Alma Mater is justly proud. Yet in spite of all this our various societies are all complaining of lack of support on the part of the students.

"Alberta" must be quite right when he says that there are a large number of "drones" in our University. Everyday one meets with individuals who take great pleasure in finding fault with our different societies. They know exactly just how the Literary Society or the Y.M.C.A. ought to be conducted, but, of course, they never dream of offering their suggestions at a Students' Union meeting. They much prefer to be continually "kicking" about these matters and make themselves a general nuisance at the dining table or wherever they can corner a victim on whom they may pour their complaints.

Then there is another type of individual who seems to think that everybody ought to be interested just in the same peculiar activities as himself. The Y.M.C.A. enthusiast is a crank, and unless the student is a hockey fan he is not a real student.

In another it is inconceivable how a student can be successful unless he is an enthusiastic debater or an active member of the Dramatic Society. Then there is the book-worm, but they are in the minority here, who has absolutely no sympathy with anything outside the prescribed course in the calendar. His chief aim is to reach the first-class column in all subjects. He can translate Latin prose with ease, but has no idea whatever regarding the rules of football, hockey or any branch of sport.

We admit it is by no means easy to become an ideal student in all departments, but what we ask is a broader sympathy from all students with other view-points than your own. As was pointed out at a recent meeting of the Reconstruction Group, what is needed is a greater spirit of mutuality among all of us.

A Students' Union hour is reserved each week on Tuesday at 11 a.m. This is not a period for loafing but an opportunity for the discussion of all student problems and we ask the co-operation of every student in a great effort to put Alberta on top. We need your help to make Student Government worth while.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, The Gateway,

Dear Sir,—

Latin, because it is practically a compulsory subject in the first and second years in our university, has been much abused and I wish to take this opportunity to abuse it more. It is undoubtedly the hardest subject to the largest number who wish to take an Arts course. Probably it is given to us with the idea that the Arts student must have something to do, but such student has more to do than spend half his or her time for study upon Latin, the language that gives the least to a workable education. Many students have to take other lines of work, much against their wills, just because Latin stands to be conquered in the Arts course as offered by this university. Students come in from the High Schools without a knowledge of Latin and are forced to take in two years, the Latin that ought to be covered in five. Is it any wonder that so many people fail on exams? For an Arts course, four languages are offered, French, Latin, Greek and German; two must be taken and students naturally choose French and Latin, because Greek is too difficult and quite unnecessary to a general education, and German during the war has fallen into disrepute in the Universities of this continent. If this university wishes to be up-to-date, why not cut Latin out as a practically compulsory subject or else offer also Italian, Spanish, Russian, or any language in general use by any large body of people today.

If, as they tell us, Latin is so necessary to the understanding of the English language, must we become slaves to it and neglect other things? We have been asked in one of our classes in Latin 2 & 4 to spend 10 hours a week on Latin outside of lectures. There are 144 hours in the six working days of the week; 54 hours of this is needed for sleep, 18 hours for meals, 24 hours for lectures, leaving 48 hours a week for recreation and study. There are six courses in the freshman and five in the sophomore years. Ten hours a week study for each of these is 50 to 60 hours, and you have only 48 to 58 hours to do it in if you work all the time. Can you wonder that so many fellows miss breakfast, or that Sunday is spent as a day of sleep? Is our university life to come down to this mad rush for work or do we want real, active, thinking men and women in this university.

—RIGHTS.

Ed.—This is a subject of great contention with many of our students, and though many points in this letter may be challenged, we trust our readers will feel free to express themselves.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

As a result of a Y.M.C.A. meeting held on Sunday, Jan. 25th, it was decided to arrange for a number of training classes where any students who are interested could receive a training in the leadership of Boys' Groups and in the teaching of English to foreigners. Final arrangements in regard to the former class will be completed by the end of this week, and the first meeting of the group will be held as soon as possible. Notices will be posted and all interested informed of the time and place.

An urgent call has come to the Y.M.C.A. for students who are willing to undertake boys' work right away. If you can tackle a group of boys for a few weeks, hand in your name to the undersigned.

The Training Class for those intending to teach amongst foreigners this summer will be started as soon as possible.

A question of great importance, considered at Sunday's meeting was the Bible Study programme. It was generally felt that many questions in connection with the Bible were difficult to answer. Every student comes to know the scientific view of the creation of the world and of men—must he disregard scientific truth or must he lose his faith in the Bible? Questions of this kind, questions regarding the miracles, questions regarding inspiration of the Bible—all of these are the burning problems in each student's life. The desire was expressed that the Y.M.C.A. should start a class where these questions would be discussed and some convictions arrived at. Further announcements regarding such a class will soon be made.—Wm. DOBSON, Secretary Y.M.C.A.

HOCKEY

VARSITY SENIORS DEFEAT COLUMBUS CLUB

In a contest which went overtime, 'Varsity defeated the Columbus Club on Thursday, Jan. 22nd. The game was fast and hard fought throughout. Combination was lacking and individual play was the feature of the game. For the three periods of the game, the teams played very evenly. During the overtime period, however, 'Varsity seemed to get away from their opponents altogether. Esdale, Smith and Dobson shone on the 'Varsity team. The final score was 5-2, the lead of three goals being made in the overtime period. The line-up was as follows: "Slim" Morris, B. Smith, McAllister, Trimble, Dobson, Esdale, Clarke and H. Morris.

'VARSITY INTERMEDIATES PLAY A DRAWN GAME

After playing ten minutes overtime without breaking the score of 2-2, the 'Varsity Intermediates and Strathcona High School decided to call it a draw. The game was fast and throughout keenly contested. Wilson and Lawton for 'Varsity, starred. The line-up:

Scona.—Campbell, Alton, Dugan, Talbot, Mitzer, McKinnon.

'Varsity—Lehmann, Michener, Wilson, Lawton, Blow, Dae.

MEDS VS. SCIENCE

In a fast and exciting hockey game, the Science defeated the Meds 3-0. At first it looked as if the teams were evenly matched, but the Meds fell down badly in shooting, hitting everything in the vicinity of the goal, but failed to tally. On the other hand, practically every time the Science shot the puck was going in the right direction and had it not been for good work by Rutledge in goal, the score would have been much higher.

For Science, Markel and Lawton starred. For the Meds. Wilson was the hardest working man on the team. In their next game, however, it is expected that the Meds. will show a complete reversal of form, as they have been practising steadily. The teams lined up as follows:

Meds.—Rutledge, Dier, Simons, Blow, Wilson, Baker, Duthie.

Science—Taylor, Simpkins, Beck, Fraser, Lawton, Yuill, Markel.

J. MacDonald, referee. Judge of play, R. Taylor.

PHARMACY VS. ALBERTA COLLEGE

In one of the hardest fought games yet played in the Inter-faculty league, A.C. defeated Pharmacy 3-0. The game was replete with thrills, sensational rushes being the order of the night. It would be difficult to pick out a star from either team. Barclay, McDonald, Leonard and Henry rushed time and time again, only to be relieved of the rubber when trying to penetrate the Pharmacy defence. Cragg, Carruthers and Mathews tried several dizzy rushes, but were unable to get past McCullough. Rowsell, in goal for Pharmacy, was the sensation of the evening; he was bombarded three times, all of which passed him. Bryan and Farrow jazzed down the ice at least twice and looked like a couple of tanks going into action.

The game was remarkably clean, just one battle being waged, which was a private one.

Jake Jacobson and Dave MacDonald handled the game to the amusement of both teams. The game was played before a crowd of three men and a boy.

The gangs that fought:

Pharmacy—Rowsell, Farrow, Bryan, Mathews, Carruthers, Cragg, Eggen.

A. C.—McCullough, Lawton, Henry, Barclay, Conn, McDonald, Leonard.

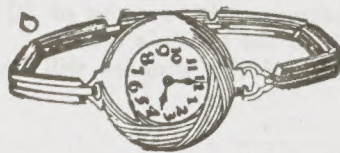
Gaetz and Sampson subbed for Pharmacy, Gaetz nearly scoring once; Sampson promoting the one battle of the evening.

BASEBALL STARTS IN JANUARY

At McGill indoor baseball is booming and a league has already been formed. An inter-faculty league has been quite a success and a city league has been formed. The University year is so placed that it is almost impossible to allow outside baseball and to the enthusiast the indoor variety seems next best.

WRIST WATCHES

Bracelet Watches have endeared themselves to all womankind: Gold Filled, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$23.00, \$30.00. Solid Gold, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$50.00, and upwards. As a gift these present excellent buying opportunities. Let us advise you in your purchase.



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HOUSE BASKETBALL LEAGUE

Away we go in a cloud of dust. The teams have been picked, they are thirsting for gore, and the first week's schedule is already completed.

Many and awful were the conflicts; friendships have been severed, rivalry is keen. A prize is at stake, for a promise of sweaters has been obtained for the winning team.

Ab. Taylor was defeated by Jenson's team in an over-time game by a score of 13 to 12. He is thirsting for revenge and his next opponents had better watch his step.

McGillivray's team, assisted by the redoubtable Bobbie Cameron, went down to defeat at the hands of McGachie. If McGillivray would take his men off the old Scotch diet of oatmeal and whiskey, there would still be hope for the Highlanders. Snider got his from Johnstone by a score of 20 to 17. While Yerbeau slipped it over on Lillico's team.

A close race is anticipated, and the winners will have to earn their laurels.

INTER-FACULTY HOCKEY LEAGUE

After having patiently suffered with the delays caused by an uncommonly heavy snowfall, it was expected that we would be able to carry on with our schedule for at least a week without further interruption. But owing to extreme cold weather, there have been no games played during the last three days of the second week.

The executive are now going to carry on with the schedule, this being the third week, and try to work in the back games as extras.

Present Standing of the League (End of Second Week)

	Won	Lost
Meds.	0	2
Arts	2	0
Science	2	0
Arts and Law	0	2
A. C.	0	2
Pharmacy	0	1
Agriculture	2	0
Law	1	0

SANITATION ON THE FARM

We've bathed the bossies tooties,
We've cleaned the rooster's ears,
We've trimmed the turkey's wattles,
With antiseptic shears.

With talcum all the guinea hens
Are beautiful and bright,
And Dobin's wreath of glistening teeth,
We've burnished snowy white.

With pungent sachet powder,
We've glorified the dog,
And when we have the leisure,
We'll manicure the hog.

We've done all in our power
To have a barn "de luxe."
We've soused the sheep in Kresio Dip,
We've sterilized the ducks.

The little chicks are always fed
On sanitary worms,
The calves and colts are always boiled,
To keep them free from germs.

And thoroughly to carry out,
Our prophylactic plan,
Next week with germicidal soap,
We'll wash the hired man.—Ex.

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THE COLONIAL BALL

Convocation Hall presented a gay scene on the night of Jan. 24th, when the Wauneita Society held a Colonial Ball for its members. Everyone came with the sole intention of being merry and having a good time, and they did.

The fascinating Colonial dames and stately "gentlemen" carried one back to the days of the past, when the powdered wig and the fancy waistcoat held supreme sway, and everything breathed of beauty, chivalry and romance.

Dancing, which was, however, quite modern, was indulged in till midnight, when dainty refreshments were served to satisfy the ever-present inner-man. The company then dispersed, tired, but happy, and with the memories of an evening merrily spent.

ODE TO EDMONTON R. R.

I've sledded my way from the Yukon,
I've scaled the Rockies' cold heights,
I've fought against frost and the cyclone,
I've been in some tough bar-room fights,
I've dug myself in when shellfire
Was echoing up to the stars,
But nought can compare with a journey
I took in our city street cars.

We got on a car in the West end
(After waiting until we could drop),
And we made our way towards the city,
And down Twenty-Fourth stop by stop;
We crawled along Jasper so slowly,
We transferred at Ninth like the d—l,
And rode to the bridge where we slackened,
And started to cross the High Level.

Half-way across it we travelled,
Then on each other we flopped,
For without one word of warning
The "juice" went off, and we stoppea
Stopped! Well, I rather guess so, sir.
And some could not hide their fears,
Whilst I, well, I wanted my supper,
And strong men gave way unto tears.

However, we started again, sir:
We reached Whyte Avenue, when,
Our switch blew out and we stopped, sir;
Somewhat later we started again.
But then our car seemed tired,
Or else had a strike in its mind,
For we travelled the whole length of Whyte
With another car pushing behind.

Ninety-Ninth Street we made easy,
And down the hill we went strong
Till we got to the loop by the old bridge
Where we stopped—for something was wrong.
What was the trouble? you ask me,
'Twas a car that had jumped off the track.
It wanted a rest and it took it,
While we waited until it went back.

We started across the Low Level,
Which is narrow, alas and alack!
We lumbered along on a flat wheel,
And caved in a farmer's hay-rack.
I had only a few blocks to go now
And then the car could go hang;
Before we had travelled a block, sir,
The trolley swung loose with a bang.

You ask is it true what I'm saying,
You think it is merely all talk.
Well, I'd just like to say,
That after that day,
When I'm in a hurry,—I'll walk.

—K.S.

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COMING EVENTS

Thursday, Jan. 29th. 5 p.m.

Debating Society. 142 Arts.

Friday, Jan. 30th. 5 p.m.

Intercollegiate "Y" executive meeting.

Saturday, Jan. 31st. 12 Noon.

Bible Study Groups in Room 206 Arts.

Sunday, Feb. 1st.

10 a.m. "Y", Devotional meeting in 243 Arts. All are welcome.

11 a.m. Service in Convocation Hall. Speaker—Dr. Sharrard of University of Saskatchewan.

Wednesday, Feb. 4th. 5 p.m.

Student Volunteer Band.

Thursday, Feb. 5th.

Three plays presented by Dramatic Society.

"The Artist" by Miles Malleson.

"Parbara's Wedding" by J. M. Barrie.

"The Dear Departed" by Stanley Houghton.

No student should miss this treat.

Friday, Feb. 13th.

Annual Conversazione.

Sometime in March, the Dramatic Society intends producing John Galsworthy's "Joy." Anyone wishing to take part in this play should consult Mr. J. J. Jones before the end of this week.

POUR PARLERS

Seated last night in a 'staminay
I was weary and bear at the knees;
And my pockets were bursting with l'argent,
Why spend it on Fox's puttees?

I thought of the lads in the trenches,
I sighed for my pal up the line,
But I started to drown all my troubles
In a bottle of rich red wine.

I banked on the old "Crown and Anchor"—
When losing its bad form to grouse—
Then I paid my attentions to Susie,
The pride and the pet of the house.

This charming estaminet maiden
Would break a battalion of hearts;
I thought I'd be lucky at wooing—
I'm a fish for my comrades—"Aux cartes."

I watched her fill up the glasses
(In exchange for good money, gin bad);
I thrilled as she smiled and cajoled me,
I swore when she silenced a cad.

"Pourquoi vous regardez me comme ca?
Eh, Jack? Beaucoup swank soldiay—"
No compree, ma cherie—a un plunk,
An apres la guerre, fiancee."

"Ma mere, c'est un tres gentil garçon,
Je pense qu'il m'aime bien sans doute."
Ah. Sus'e, you sure drive me crazy.
Embrasse moi? Non! Give me a stout.

I'm learning the Parisian lingo,
Oh, la, la—encore—O la lain;
Trays beans, for tonight's extra cushy—
Tomorrow we'll fight in Ablain.

Eight o'clock—policeman—c'est fini,
No bon—plenty zig-zag—allez;
Eight o'clock—soyez tranquille—oui, vitement;
'Tis the end of a perfect day.

We wander back slowly to billets
Where the corporal is reading his shirt,
I sign a few field cards—and parti,
To dreamland with Susie, the flirt.
Spare Soldier, France '17.

IT'S YOUR MOVE

This world is overwhelmed with a class of people commonly known as "drones." There are a good many men in this University who are in that class, and for this reason they haven't enough energy to get out of it. In fact, this whole student body at this moment, is overcome with a lethargy which is gradually stifling it to death. There is a lack of pep, a lack of life, a total absence of "College Spirit."

Just a moment—by "College Spirit" I don't mean that blatant display of the college yell on any and every occasion. That savours too much of the windy flag waving which is so distasteful to us as inheritors of British tradition.

No, by "College Spirit," I mean that esprit de corps which refuses to bow the knee to any other institution. We realize, and recognize the good points of McGill, Yale and Harvard and other large eastern universities. By the time we are as old as they are, we too will have the elaborate appliances and buildings of which they now can boast. But we are able—and here we fail to acknowledge it—we are able to get as much value, yes, and even more, out of our course at the University of Alberta, than we should receive if attending those older and larger institutions.

We ought to look upon the University of Alberta with reverence and love. It should be the one great thing in the world to us. Unfortunately, we regard it only as a means to an end. We will use it to gain our place in the world, and then discard it as we would an old suit of clothes which has served its purpose. We fail to realize that our life, position and honor are irrevocably linked to that of our Alma Mater. She is our sponsor. Yet we miserly begrudge the pittance of gold we pay in at the Bursar's office, and secretly feel that we are yet in the "bushes."

Why should we feel that way? We have a faculty of which we can justly be proud. Our war record should swell each breast with pride—and that record was gained in the quiet, methodical British way, without a symptom of display. Our university, young though it is, is nevertheless a monument in the progress of this province—a province which need give place to no other in Canada, much less any state to the south. Have you ever seen the plans of the buildings to be erected in the near future? Take a look at them and be glad that you are here, helping to lay the foundation stone of an institution which your children will look upon with grateful pride! For they will be proud. They can feel no other way.

But there is no need for me to labour this point. I know that you feel the way I do—namely, that we are not doing justice to our Alma Mater. Does that now mean something to you? That name should mean to you what the name of Canada meant to every man in the Canadian corps! I'm sure you realize that, and with me, would like to see a revival of the old fighting spirit that put the British nation where it is today—the old spirit that at one time characterized this institution of ours. The problem is, how shall we revive it?

First and foremost, let us cast out this indiscriminate use of the 'Varsity yell. I have noticed it being dragged forward on dozens of occasions when it was absolutely out of place. That hysterical hurraing is nauseating to the British spirit—and especially so to returned men who have come to hate any symptoms of flag waving. But when the occasion does arise, as it will on the football field or in the gymnasium, this is the time for every man with a spark of manhood in him to throw his weight into the balance. That is the time to shout. In connection with this, a plea is being made by the Rooters' Club for snappy songs and yells. Is there anything to prevent us from having a college song such as "Old Eli?" We have musicians enough to write one—and musicians who are more than capable of doing it. Here is a chance for them to send their name down to posterity in Alberta. Put them to work!

As I said, we are laying the foundation stone of what will some day be a great institution. We are moulding its customs and traditions. Those customs and traditions will be looked upon by our children as sacred. Let us take pride in seeing that those traditions are worthy of the highest ideals of young Canada. Let us take an interest in moulding them. With our war record, what a glorious basis we have to start on!

We see from the Des Moines Conference that nothing

tends to breed self-confidence in a university more than contact with other universities. By actual contact with them we realize how great we are. Could we not obtain a grant of money from the Board of Governors for the purpose of promoting inter-university sport and debates between Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and B. C.? A little enthusiasm would help this along. Get behind our athletic societies then, and boost. Incidentally, may I remark that we have a squad of athletes unsurpassed in the west.

But we can't all be athletes. There are other lines of endeavor just as important, just as useful, and just as energizing. What are you as individuals doing to help the Literary Society alone? What are you doing to boost the Dramatic Club? They are both 'Varsity institutions and as well as furnishing you with entertainment, they promote a 'Varsity spirit. Do you do any work at all for the Gateway? It's your official organ, supposed to express your views and ideas. What are you doing to help it? Do you ever throw in a boosting word for our advertisers over town? Do you even

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know who they are? Perhaps, though, you belong to the class which is continually running everything down. If you are no athlete, then get busy along some line of endeavor and help it along. Help make it a success.

There are several minor traditions which, during the war, were dropped, and, since the war, have been gradually stifled to death. One thing, in particular, is the wearing of gowns at lectures. Why has this old custom been abandoned? It did give a student atmosphere to these halls. It hid the well-worn clothes of us who could afford no better—thereby bolstering up our self-respect. It served a purpose, both economic and psychological. Strange though it may seem, these little things impress upon a student the realization that he is a student. Revive them! Bring them back and boost them! Make them a part and parcel of this university.

Meanwhile, let us hear something on this subject in the Students' Union. Is there no energetic group of men to sponsor these various urgent movements? At the next Students' Union meeting on Tuesday let us hear something on the subject of inter-varsity sport! Let us hear a motion to put our poets and musicians to work! Let us hear a motion to resume the wearing of gowns and the revival of other old University of Alberta customs. This will all tend to start the ball of college spirit a-rolling. If there are any debatable subjects such as initiation, then let them be discussed. But for goodness sake, don't let your old Alma Mater die of ennui.

—ALBERTA.

Ed.—These questions have been the subject of much discussion in various circles within our student body, and we invite your suggestions as to what is needed to revive our "College Spirit."

MOTION PICTURES AT YALE

Yale has inaugurated the taking of motion pictures of all the important campus events, class events and happenings of general interest. In this way they expect to form a permanent class record of Blue doings.

**WATCH THIS SPACE.
MED-NIGHT COMING.**

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YE SEMIPHORE

ONE DAY last week I
STARTED for the office
As grouchy as—well I
WAS grouchy. Here
EVERYONE was either
MARRIED to a nice little
WIFE, or engaged to a
NICE little girl, and I
HAD no one but a boy,
GENUS Japanesus, to look
AFTER my wants. Just as
I HIT the curb, a fellow
IN a flivver, stopped
AND SAID that he would
TAKE me to the office.
I GOT in and the first
THING he started to
TALK about was
HIS WIFE and how she
COULD COOK.
WHEN I hit the office
THE EDITOR was
CHEWING wire nails, so
I RETIRED to my own
PRIVATE cupboard and
SAT down to think of
SOMETHING funny and the
ONLY thing I could think
OF WAS a wife.
ABOUT four pm I decided
TO chuck the job and
WENT in to the editor
TO TELL him so and he
WAS listening to the
TELEPHONE and from the
SOUNDS and the color of
HIS FACE I judged it was
HIS WIFE talking. When
HE hung up, the color
WAS mounting in his
NECK and the veins were
STARTING to stand out
ON HIS forehead so I
FIGURED it was time to
RETIRE. As I got to the
PAVEMENT my friend of
THE flivver pulled up
AND said I was to go
HOME with him to tea.
I WENT. He let us into
THE house and called to
HIS wife that he had a
FRIEND for supper, and

She said from the
KITCHEN, "Come here, John,"
AND he went. And she
STARTED to ask him
QUESTIONS in a
VOICE that sounded like
A CROSS between a rusty
HINGE and a stick being
PULLED along a picket
FENCE by an enthusiastic
BOY. She asked him how
HE expected her to reed
STRANGERS with nothing
IN the house but some
STALE bread and some
SOUR milk; and if he
PAID the butcher; and
IF he knew the water
WAS to be shut off; and
OTHER things. Just then
A KID lets out a bowl
And tumbles thru
THE door and John stoops
TO pick it up and I
SEE her grab a plate
AND as I'm in the line
OF FIRE I sidestep
AND the plate hits the
PLACE where my head was,
SO I ease myself out
ONTO the street and
CATCH a car—
WHEN I entered my
HOME my "boy" grabs my
HAT and gloves and coat
AND slips on my
SMOKING jacket, brings
OUT my slippers and
FAVORITE pipe and places
A GREAT big easy chair
IN front of the fire
AND says with a smile
"WE got turkey for
SUPPER." And as he
STARTS for the kitchen
HUMMIN' a tune that
GOES like,
"OH, gee, I'm glad I'm
FREE," I slide down
INTO that chair and
ADMIT that that's one
SENTIMENT with which
I AGREE.
I THANK YOU.

LETTERS OF A COCKNEY FRESHMAN.—III.

University, 25-1-20.

Dear 'Arry,—

The funniest fmg I ever 'eard of came orf 'ere lawst night. The girls decided that they'd 'old a dawnce, the "Colonial Ball," they called it. Blimey! It was a farce. They fort they'd 'old it wivart any men present, so abart 'arf of these 'ere girls dressed theirsels as men instead.

They was orl in fancy dress, and the costumes included almost everybody from King 'Erod ter Miss Douglas-Pennant. There was Quakers an' Red Indians an' Suffridgettes.

I serpose they must a' got some plesure aht of it, but wy one girl wonts ter dawnce with uvver girls orl the evenin', I dunno. P'raps they enjoys it, but it seems sorter queer ter me.

'Spite of orl the care they took over it, there's a rumor that three men dressed theirsels up an' managed ter get inside the 'all. I bet that took some nerve, don't you, 'Arry. They must 'ave been a bit barmy to do it.

Anyhow, these blokes got inside the 'all and I wotched 'em dawncin' there, so that's 'ow I know abart it.

Yourn, 'Erb.